THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1809.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

THIS lovely and amiable princess is the daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. She married the Prince Regent in 1793; several children were the fruit of their union, all of whom died in their infancy, except the Princess Carolina, who is about fifteen years of age. The laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to male heirs, excludes this young princess from inheriting the crown; which is a matter of infinite regret to the people, who have so many times been disappointed in their hopes; but they have, notwithstanding, in every instance, sacrificed their personal interests and feelings to the emotions of loyalty and esteem, which the virtues of the prince and princess excite.

MEMOIR OF

AGRIPPINA THE ELDER.

THE life of this celebrated princess having been lately published, by a writer of superior abilities, we shall merely, in the following memoir, confine ourselves to the leading occurrences in her eventful history, and endeavour to excite the curiosity of our readers to a perusal of the excellent work alluded to.

Agrippina was the daughter of Marcus Visinaus Agrippa, and, at an early age, united extraordinary talents with exalted virtue and female delicacy. Yet, even in this brilliant character, a few dark shades were observable; a proud indignant spirit, inflexible obstinacy, and boundless ambition, these were the fatal errors which led to all her subsequent sufferings.—She was married, while very young, to Germanicus, the son of Drusus, a prince endued with superior magnanimity of spirit, uncommon mildness and discretion, and undeviating integrity; in short, in the character of Germanicus was comprised every princely attribute, softened by every domestic virtue. His judgment was equally conspicuous in the cabinet as was his bravery in the field. The increasing popularity of this young prince, in addition to his near relationship to Octavius, marked him the object of the artful Livia's secret envy, and she prevailed on the weak emperor to send him into *honourable exile*. The faithful partner of his pleasures was also the sharer of his toils; and in Germany and Syria Agrippina alternately triumphed in her husband's glory, or deeply mourned the ingratitude which suffered his important services to be repaid with the blackest calumnies. It was in scenes like these that the tender wife of Germanicus proved herself a heroine; with her infant in her arms she harangued the rebellious soldiery, reclaimed them to a sense of honour and their duty; and, superior to the apprehensions generally attached to the female character, animated a whole camp by her extra-

ordinary courage and presence of mind. When Tiberius succeeded to the throne, he gave full scope to the rancour which had hitherto fostered in his bosom; the brothers of Germanicus had, one by one, fallen beneath his merciless cruelty, and it was no difficult matter to remove the only remaining claimant to imperial honours. Germanicus was treacherously sacrificed, to the eternal disgrace of Tiberius and his guilty associates; and his disconsolate widow was left to struggle against all the horrors which awaited her unprotected state. Ignorant of the share which Tiberius had in the vile transaction, Agrippina returned to Rome, to implore justice and mercy at the foot of the throne; but how different was her reception from what she had heretofore been accustomed to. No triumphal arches were raised for her to pass through—no acclamations of joy saluted her ears—even her own family were prevented from meeting her on the road, and the very friends who had sworn to support her cause and avenge the murder of Germanicus, found fears for their own safety predominate over their upright principles, and ignobly shrunk from the performance of their high-sounding promises. Agrippina, indignant at this treatment, incautiously expressed herself in terms which reflected acrimoniously on the senate, and rendered her an object of implacable hatred to Tiberius. The populace sympathised with her sorrow and unjust treatment, and openly expressed their condolence, shedding tears of unfeigned anguish over the urn of their departed hero; but these tokens of attachment served only to augment the malice of her enemies, and the wretched Agrippina was torn, in the dead of the night, from the arms of her weeping children, and conveyed to the Island of Pandatcieve, here, in a miserable dungeon, exposed to the vilest barities inflicted by a brutal jailor, she dragged on a burthsome existence. Yet her fortitude and piety was still explary, and she supported her misfortunes with the pro consciousness of innate rectitude, till death terminate her expectations and her sufferings. Her daughter

commonly called Agrippina the Younger, was placed, at an early age, under the care of her grandmother, the venerable Antonia, who endeavoured, in vain, to form her mind in the mould of her excellent mother's. The young Agrippina inherited all the charms and talents of that unhappy princess, but her heart was the seat of hypocrisy and artifice. Her eldest brother, the amiable Drusus, had shared the fate of his unfortunate parents; and Caligula, the youngest brother of Agrippina, instead of becoming her guardian and protector, initiated her into the practice of the most odious vices.

THE LADY'S TOILET.

"May their tender limbs
Float, in the loose simplicity of dress!"

WHY are women, in their dress, so fond of art, when nature has done so much for them? Is it not a kind of insult to the partial and benevolent hand that has been, for them, so lavishly profuse of every genuine charm and native grace? Woman is the complement of the human creation; the last and finishing stroke given to that sublime picture. When woman was created, nature shone with a sweeter lustre, and man with a brighter glory; and the divine power itself, as it were, conscious of not being able to shape matter in a nobler or more elegant form, rested then from his works, blessed them, and declared them good. Why then should women be so little sensible of their dignity in the scale of created beings? or why should they so little appreciate man's feelings, as to think that in swaying his affections, they may be more indebted to the paltry efforts of a useless art than to the irresistible and divine influence of unadorned and unaffected beauty, united to moral perfection?

Woman, it is true, is not created to govern and rule the world; her lot is, perhaps, still more glorious; she is created to make it happy. Woman sits not on the legislator's benches; she weighs not in her feeble hand the destinies of nations; but it is on her soft and generous bosom, on that sweet throne of an ever adorable and bounteous nature, that the little infant, in the raptured embraces of maternal love and filial gratitude, opens his heart to the first emotions of human virtue, and receives the first rudiments of his social education. Formed for the kind offices of gentle charity and love, woman leads not armies to destruction and carnage; but it is by the mild beams of her lovely eyes that the breast of man is fired with a patriotic ardour; it is the winning softness of her all-endearing voice that, even in the midst of battles, yet thrilling on the heart of the gallant hero, prompts his undaunted valour, and crowns his victorious hand with deeds of immortal glory.

Woman embellishes every thing, endears every thing; without her, man, deprived of comfort in his existence, and solace in his sufferings, would be most wretchedly wandering, in a solitary gloom, through a cheerless world. Woman is in the order of society, what the sun is in that of nature; then, disdaining every art, let woman, like the sun, shine with her own glory: and is it in the power of human art to add to the whiteness of that fair lily, to the hue of that lovely rose? No; oh, sweet modesty, adorable innocence! noble and sacred veil, under whose heavenly shade nature first concealed from mortal eye the unspotted charms of female beauty; it belongs to you, and to you only, still to embellish, to ennoble, those elegant and beauteous forms, which seem to have been erected as a terrestrial temple of the sweetest affections that spring from you; and never does a woman present herself to our view with so irresistible a power, and so fascinating a grace, as when her features reflect the purity of your image, and her dress "the loose simplicity" of your lovely spirit,

Let then a lady's toilet be a kind of sanctuary, sacred to innocence and modesty; let art approach it, not as a vile usurper, but like an humble votary, to pay the respectful tribute of his homage to that noble and divine original, of which his most laboured efforts can hardly present an imperfect copy.

A man of feeling and sense will seldom, perhaps never, be captivated by the beauty of female features, but inasmuch as they express some moral quality. The feeling principle which exists within us, independent of matter, will always seek for something congenial to itself; and it seems as if human features, and their ever-varying shades, are but a medium by which a sympathetic nature wafts soul to soul. This points out to women how much, in pleasing and captivating, external features are subservient to inward passions; how much the influence of the former depends on the proper regulation of the latter:

> "Those, at first, th' unwary heart may gain,
> But these, these only, can the heart retain."

Women's faces, like polished glass, will be sullied even by the breath of zephyr. Strong unnatural passions soon darken the sweet brightness of their countenances, disorder the harmony of their fine proportions, roughen the smooth and delicate texture of their visage, and instantaneously check the attractive power of genuine beauty; whereas the friendly virtues of innocence, peace, and goodness, when they dwell in their hearts, will breathe their own purity, even on the outward form of the body in which they are inclosed, expand the indifferent feature into a ray of beauty, and form those ever lovely combinations, from which spring charms ever new, graces ever sweet.

The laurels which beauty owes to the guiles of gaudy art will soon pass and decay; those it owes to the influence of sweet virtue will last as long as virtue itself. By the former, women may, perhaps, enjoy the momentary advantage of an usurped victory; but by the latter, they will

be crowned, by our affections, with the never-fading honours of a well-deserved triumph.

Oh, woman! be always good, and you will always be lovely; be more desirous of being approved by our hearts than courted by our eyes. Cultivate the advantage of a well-informed mind, of an innocent and generous heart; these, more than the vain toils of art, will brighten every grace and sweeten every smile. It is these which will encircle your eyes with the radiant lustre of soothing meekness, and attune your voice to the angelic sound of sweetness. By these you become mighty, though weak; irresistible, though defenceless. By these, even amidst the gloomy winter of your age, you still keep and present our fancy with some of the lovely flowers which have adorned the spring of your youth. N. FRAISINET.

Explanation of the vulgar Paradox, that "when Water is boiling in a Vessel, the Bottom is cool; but the moment it ceases to boil, the Bottom becomes hotter." From Dr. Gregory's Economy of Nature.

"THE whole of this paradox appears to be founded on an error of the sense. When a person applies his finger to the vessel, though he applies it for a considerable time, it is not heated more than he can endure; for the blood, in the course of its circulation, loses some of its heat before it arrives at the extremities; and till the blood in the extremities is heated to the same degree with that of the heart, we feel no pain from burning; but as soon as this is effected, the least degree of heat becomes painful. When the finger is first applied to the bottom of the vessel, after it is taken off the fire, the heat is endured for these reasons. When the boiling ceases, it is natural to take the same finger; for having dirted one, people seldom choose to take another, and that finger being already heated almost as much as it could bear, now finds heat at the bottom of the vessel exquisitely painful." But if this paradox is thus explained, why cannot we find the effect the same when we apply the finger to any other heated substance? This is a

simple query, which some of our philosophical readers will, no doubt, be able to answer in a satisfactory manner.

ANECDOTE.

EVERY one must allow, that, notwithstanding the extreme modesty of the amiable Thomson, that poet understood, and must have felt, all the force of the tender passion. The following anecdote gives us reason to believe that he drew the charming portrait of *Musidora* from nature:—and indeed from whence could he draw such an inchanting picture, but from the source of perfection?—Thomson was on a visit to a friend, with whom at the same time lived a lovely young female relation. The poet's bed-chamber was immediately above that of the young lady, a circumstance which it seems Thomson was some how or other apprised of. The son of Apollo soon found means to perforate the floor of his room, and through this orifice nightly admired the loveliest of nature's works, drank deep draughts of inspiration, and, we cannot doubt, raised his pious thoughts from the contemplation of "Nature's works, up to Nature's God."—One night as the unsuspicious nymph was undressing, she heard an unusual noise, and desired her maid to find out the cause. "Oh, madam," cried Betty, "be not alarmed, 'tis only the *poet at his hole*;—But permit me," continued Betty, "and I will afford you some *fun*." Betty immediately mounted a chair, and applied the lighted candle to the sacrilegious orifice. The good poet had been, it seems, at his accustomed *devotions;* and, overcome by love, wine, or fatigue, had unwittingly submitted to the all-powerful commands of the drowsy god. To drop allegory—he was snoring loudly at the before-mentioned *hole;* but was speedily awakened from his slumbers by the flaming torch of the mischievous Betty, though not till he had got completely rid of the skin of the noisy member that had betrayed his *theft profane*—"if aught profane to love!" The triumph of Betty and her mistress was complete—and the *nose* of the unfortunate poet but too loudly proclaimed his disgrace.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XII.

As sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest wines, so that raillery is the keenest which is found to flow from good-humour and complacency. *Looker On.*

THE following letter, transmitted by a facetious correspondent, I lay before my readers, in compliance with the request of the writer; it is a fair satire on modern manners, and may, perhaps, make as much impression on the mind as a more elaborate and moral composition.

A LETTER OF ADVICE,

ADDRESSED TO THE BUSY-BODY, AND LADIES IN GENERAL.

MADAM,

A Sevigny, a Lambert, and a Hannah More, have exerted their talents severally to improve the manners and extend the knowledge of the rising generation; but, with all their highly extolled abilities, the progress of their success has been impeded by serious obstacles, too numerous to be minutely detailed; a few, however, I shall briefly notice. In the first place—The admonitions of the Marchioness de Lambert, however excellent in their kind, are by far too sententious and pious for the present enlightened state of society. The manners and fashions have undergone innumerable revolutions since the days of Sevigny; and the admirable reflections of Mrs. More, are, owing to the present high price of paper, so very expensive, that it can hardly be expected any young lady would *throw away* so much of her loose cash for wholesome advice, when she might purchase two delightful novels for the same price.

Now, as I have the vanity to think that my abilities are

equal to those of the ladies above mentioned, and as I have made many shrewd observations on prevailing customs, I think myself competent to address a letter of advice to young females in general; which being divested of that prosing morality, so uninteresing to youth, will be better adapted to the taste and comprehension of your fair readers, and by means of the extensive circulation of the work to which your lucubrations are devoted, come within the reach of all classes at a moderate price. But, not to detain you longer with a tedious exordium, I shall merely require your indulgent insertion of the following instructions and remarks in your next paper.

I am, madam, your humble servant,

Fashion Street, London. VALENTINE VARNISH.

GENERAL MAXIMS RESPECTING DRESS, DEPORTMENT, &c. &c.

As I cannot but coincide with the pertinent remark of that epitome of elegance, the late Lord Chesterfield, that a prepossessing exterior is the best letter of recommendation, I shall direct my first remarks to that subject. Dress, it is true, contributes materially to set off the person to advantage; but, as the charms of nature can never be eclipsed, though they may be concealed, I would advise young ladies, who wish to be captivating, to shew as much of nature's charms as *they possibly can.* Transparent drapery is certainly most beautiful and picturesque when thrown over a figure formed in the mould of symmetry, and there cannot be a doubt of its finding warm admirers among *poets, painters, rakes,* and *physicians;* which will amply compensate for the ill-natured animadversions of *parsons, old women,* and *linen-drapers.* Besides, what can be more enchanting to the sight, than a saffron coloured neck, bare to the shoulders, or a pair of naked elbows, in which the purple and red tints are richly blended, and incessantly strive for pre-eminence.

In the park, or street, endeavour to wrap your clothes as closely round you as possible, that every motion of your body may be discernible; it has a particularly modest appearance, and cannot occasion you much inconvenience; as, if you are fashionably dressed, the grasp of your petticoats will make but a small handful. If the wind blows briskly this precaution will be unnecessary, as the raiment will closely adhere to the form, and perhaps aid the display of an elegant silk stocking. Stare at every well-dressed man you meet, and, if you have fine teeth, contrive to laugh or talk loud just as he passes; this will shew that you are not troubled with "mauvaise honte."

At the theatre, lean your elbows on the front of the box, and, between the acts, turn round and seat yourself on the place which your elbows have just removed from; it has an easy graceful appearance, and nothing can possibly be more decorous. When Mrs. H. Siddons, or any other really modest actress, is performing a part of peculiar interest, raise a titter with some female friend, and let the words—"affectation"—"stuff"—"stupid," be pronounced loud enough to be heard on the stage; it will evince your knowledge, and confirm your taste. When an actor of any note comes forward, raise your eye-glass, and survey him from head to foot, exclaiming, "What a charming figure!"—"What a delightful fellow!" If he is a singer, rap loudly with your fan on the box, as if beating time; it may catch his eye, and he cannot possibly mistake you for any *worse character* you know. Should any double entendre be uttered during the performance, bite your fan, and look silly, as if you were disconcerted; or, affecting ignorance, turn to a gentleman near you, and ask what was said. When discoursing on the subject of theatricals, always express yourself with enthusiasm—say, you *adore* Young, *idolize* Charles Kemble, *love* Elliston, &c. &c. but speak very moderately of the women, lest you remind your auditors of Pope's assertion, that—"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise."

In company, always give your opinion undesired; it shows sense to think for yourself. If your parents should be speaking, make haste to interrupt them, for old people are apt to say foolish things. You need not make any apology, only say, "La! papa, you know nothing about it;" or, "Bless me! mamma, sure I know better than you;" or, "Aunt, how you talk!" This will serve to shew your superior judgment and good-breeding. Always giggle at the servants if they make any mistakes in delivering messages; it will assist their embarrassment, and help to set them right.

Contrive to sit with your legs crossed, and lean back on your chair, or on a table; nothing looks so stiff and awkward as sitting in an upright posture.

Discourse with volubility on the popular topics of dress, novels, scandal, &c. for it would be horribly stupid to appear ignorant of these things. Should any serious or instructive conversation be started, yawn, half shut your eyes, complain of a head-ache, and propose a game at cards. If there are any young ladies in company not quite so well off in point of fortune as yourself, impress them with an idea of your consequence, by your intimacy with Lady Lappet, Sir Stephen Saunter, and other great personages; and be sure to drawl out your words and mimic whatever they say; and complete their confusion by ill-natured and satirical animadversions on their dress, which must be "quite out of date in the world of fashion." Have a string of cant epithets ready on the tip of your tongue, such as—"provoking devil"—"tiresome wretch," and such like, which must be always used in familiar chat with your male acquaintance; you may pick them out of any new novel, or popular comedy. And, if you would wish to be thought a great deal of, be sure to object to whatever is proposed by others in the way of amusement; this will serve to put their politeness to the test, and display your meekness of temper admirably.

When taking a morning walk, saunter into half a hundred shops, toss about the things, and find fault with all you see, declaring that your particular friend, the Countess of D———, bought one similar for a much lower price; or Lady Betty N—— had one just like it, and thought it so vulgar, she gave it to her maid: and these observations will make it appear you have great connections.

At church, seem wholly inattentive to what proceeds from the pulpit, notice particularly if any new fashions are exhibited; and should the preacher be a popular one, expatiate at your return on his *energetic delivery* and *graceful gesticulation*. Sit when others stand or kneel, and stand up while they sit.

In company aim at singularity; if requested to sing, positively protest it to be a thing impossible: but if you find two or three persons are engaged in rational conversation, run to the piano, make a great noise, and forcibly claim their attention. Invariably make yourself the heroine of your own story; talk of your sensibility, your liberality, your delicacy, or any other old-fashioned qualification which might answer your purpose for the time: but recollect, that to *have*, and to *boast* of these things, are quite different. Make your waiting maid the confidant of all your own secrets, and those of your friends; and if you have a tale of scandal, never repeat it without a few romantic additions of your own.

Caricature your most intimate acquaintances as soon as they turn their backs, to shew your wit; and ridicule religion, and all its votaries, to display your philosophy.

In short, leave no means unattempted to establish your reputation as a pupil of fashion; which you may easily effect by adherence to these plain and simple rules.

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

(Continued from page 150.)

CHAP. II.

So silent and imperceptible are the attacks of love, that we are always half overcome before we are sensible of our danger.

THE day after Clodio had made this important communication, the baron strolled to the cottage, to make the final arrangements for his approaching nuptials. Maud, though grateful for his past goodness toward herself and the lovely orphan, could not conquer the sentiment of repugnance which rose in her honest bosom, at the bare suggestion of his being a murderer, and her reception of the Baron Valdemona was consequently less cordial than it had been heretofore. The baron was too much elated with his expected happiness to heed the side-long glances of the old woman, who, conscious of her own doubts, expected her visitor would be conscience struck when he met her eye; and his present indifference and unembarrassed air, to her own artless mind, spoke conviction of his innocence. "And is your excellency still resolved to wed this poor orphan?" asked Maud, presenting the baron a chair; "Lack-a-day! it is a generous action; for though she has beauty and innocence for her portion, that is esteemed nothing now adays."—"And I esteem it beyond wealth," said the baron, eagerly; "but tell me, Maud, is there no clue by which we might discover her parents? to know that they were characters of repute would be some satisfaction."—"In good truth," answered Maud, "I fear we shall ever remain in ignorance, I can tell you no more than this: one evening, towards the close of autumn, about sixteen, aye, about sixteen years *agone*, I was sitting down to knit my good-

man a pair of stockings; let me see, was it for my goodman, or for Bob? dear heart I cannot think."—"No matter, no matter," cried the baron impatiently, "proceed with your story, good Maud."

"Well, my lord, as I was sitting down to knit, there comes a gentle rap at my window, thus, one, two, three. I started, sure enough, for I thought it a token of some mischief, and so indeed it was; I trembled all over like an *absent* leaf, and sat still all the while, not daring to look round; at last I heard a soft voice say, "Is any one within?" and at the same moment an infant began to cry. Recovered from my fright, I ran to the door, for I was active enough then, my lord, and could caper and prance, though now I am obliged to hobble about with this stick, you see, my lord.—Ah! many's the nice gambol I have had with other lads and maidens upon your excellency's lawns." "You are wandering from your story, Maud," observed the baron, rather peevishly: "proceed." "Lack-a-day," replied the old woman, "and so I am; well, I am sure I beg your honour's pardon a thousand and a thousand times; let me consider, where was I? Bless me, how my old wits wander. Oh! now I know." "Hush! hush!" said the baron, "I see Editha coming through the garden; we will resume the subject another time; it might give her pain if she knew I had inquired into these particulars." Maud accordingly remained silent, as the lovely Editha tripped lightly into the room, with a basket of blooming flowers on her arm, which she had been gathering, to ornament their cottage parlour against the next visit of her noble lover. The prolixity of Maud in her recital, by disappointing the curiosity of Valdemona, had, in some degree, excited his displeasure, and there was a trace of sternness on his brow which Editha had never observed there before; and as he held out his hand to pay her the usual salutations of the morning, she half shrunk from the proffered honour. "Where have you strayed, my sweet girl?" asked the baron. "The extent of my ramble was

to the hermitage," replied Editha, carelessly; "I hope my absence has not been the cause of any inconvenience, by detaining you."—"Not in the least; but I was anxious for your return. That hermit engrosses much of your attention, Editha; I shall be jealous if you visit him so frequently. Pray is he old or young?"—"He cannot be young, my lord, for I recollect him the same as he now is ever since I was an infant."—"What is the cause of an attachment so extraordinary as subsists between you and this isolated being?"—"I know not indeed, my lord; I found him sensible, tender, and sympathising; he does a great deal of good in the village, and I am proud sometimes to be his almoner; but if you think it imprudent, my lord, I will never visit the hermitage again, unless, indeed, Father Anthony should be ill, and then I am sure you would not prohibit it."—"Sweet child of candour and innocence," exclaimed the baron, clasping his arms round her, "be ever thus, and I shall have no fears for thee."—"But, my lord," said Editha, with the utmost simplicity, "I have some fears for you."—"Of what nature, my sweet girl?"—"Nay, my lord," replied Editha, "perhaps you may be offended; but observe, before I mention the circumstance, that I do not believe a word of the nonsensical tale." The countenance of the baron changed; a deadly pale overspread his fine features, and his eyes fell beneath the keen glance of Maud. "I am at a loss to comprehend you; what tale can you have heard to my disadvantage?—"Pardon me, baron, if I have said any thing unpleasant; but indeed I place no faith in tales of terror and superstition—the upright heart has nothing to fear from supernatural agency."—"Did the hermit teach you this?" asked the baron, with the first sneer his features had ever worn in the presence of Editha, who perceiving that he was not in his usual good humour, replied mildly, "The instructions of the hermit have, I trust, ever been for my advantage; and although his precepts may have been tinctured with the gloom of prejudice, I shall ever revere his maxims

as the spontaneous effusions of a benevolent soul." The dignity of her manner, as she said this, surprized the baron; he had ever seen her gentle and timid as the sportive lamb. A vague apprehension of some injurious report having reached her ear agitated his temper; and he was anxious to learn if the hermit was her informer; but fearful of betraying his own irritability, he waved discussion for that time; and after discoursing familiarly on the subject which had occasioned his unusually early visit, he took leave, fixing, with the consent of his beloved Editha, the day of their nuptials at the distance of one week. When he had quitted the cottage, Editha remained a considerable time lost in thought; the baron's manner had imperceptibly assumed an authoritative air; and though a perfect stranger to the complicated passions which fill the hearts of mankind, she had sufficient penetration to perceive that the temper of the baron was prone to jealousy, and she, in consequence, resolved to stray no more to the hermitage until she could with propriety urge him to accompany her.

The evening of the same day being uncommonly sultry, Editha, anxious to enjoy the fresh air, and indulge the seriousness of her thoughts free from observation, strolled to the sea-side: gazing with wonder and admiration on the wide expanse of waters, she heeded not the flying minutes, but lingered till the last rays of the departing sun were obscured by large black clouds, which quickly accumulated, till they formed a dense and terrific mass. The sea began to swell, and the heavy billows rolled with a tremendous noise, and dashed furiously against the barrier cliffs. Editha was too much accustomed to such a scene to feel much terror; the awful sublimity of a storm raised no other sensation in her mind than that of pious solicitude for those unfortunate objects who might be exposed to its ungovernable violence without succour, and she strained her eyes to discover if any vessel was in sight. At length, through the surrounding gloom, she discovered the flash

of a gun; it was the signal of distress, and was soon succeeded by another, yet she could not distinguish a sail. Eager to afford assistance, she hurried back to the village; and, stopping at the woodcutter's, entreated Clodio to hasten with his friends, in boats, to the assistance of the sufferers. The peaceful inhabitants of the village were soon collected; some ran to the beach in hopes of plundering the wreck, others with the more humane idea of affording relief. Among the latter number were Maud and Editha, who imagining that some of their own sex might be saved from the wreck, resolved to stay on the cliff as long as they possibly could. The sea ran so high that the boats were useless; no assistance could be afforded; and the floating fragments which were washed ashore confirmed the dreadful certainty that the vessel was dashed to pieces. The party remained in silent suspense near half an hour, and were at last returning; when, casting one more apprehensive glance on the foaming ocean, Editha perceived an object, the form of which led her to imagine it must be a human being; Clodio, ever active in the cause of benevolence, finding the wind was somewhat abated, resolved on venturing out, and easily persuaded a few hardy companions to join him in the hazardous enterprise. Success crowned their exertions; and in about a quarter of an hour they returned, bringing with them an apparently lifeless body of a man, a casket, and some kegs of liquor. "Poor fellow," exclaimed Maud, "carry him to the cottage; we have more room than you have, Clodio; and should we be able to recover him, he will have better accommodation with us than you could possibly afford." Clodio lost no time in conveying the body to the cottage, and they had soon the pleasure to perceive signs of returning life. Clodio immediately hurried away for medical assistance, first carefully depositing the casket in the hands of Maud, that if it belonged to the shipwrecked stranger he might reclaim it. Their unfortunate guest soon recovered under their friendly care; and having sa-

tisfied them that the property so honestly preserved was his own, offered them ample remuneration for their hospitality and benevolence. On their own part it was positively rejected by Maud and Editha, but accepted for the humble Clodio, whose indigence rendered the reward of his integrity acceptable. Valentine, the young Englishman whose life had been preserved by the humane villagers, felt the warmest gratitude for the kindness he had experienced; and being still weak, protracted his stay at the cottage till he feared he should be an intruder. He was the son of an English nobleman; but fearful of appearing ostentatious to those who had afforded him such generous assistance, he merely represented himself as a British officer, a character which he knew was generally respected, and which he had hitherto supported with untarnished fame. His fine open countenance, the frankness of his address, and the easy elegance of his manners, made a lively impression on the unsuspecting heart of Editha; while, on her part, she had unintentionally captured a heart which had never, till then, answered but to the call of glory. Valentine gazed on her lovely features with admiration too ardent to escape observation; and the vigilant Maud discovered the sudden prepossession with alarm and anxiety. She dreaded a visit from the baron, as three days had already expired; and to prevent farther mischief, frankly revealed to her guest the real state of affairs, and the circumstance of Editha's engagement to the baron. Valentine heard him with silent regret; his hopes and wishes, so hastily formed, were as hastily crushed; he wished to fly from a spot so fatal to his peace, but had not resolution to break the enchantment which detained him;—"No," said he mentally, "I will see this happy baron; the plea of indisposition shall retard my departure, and if he proves an object worthy of such a spotless angel, I will bury my disappointments deep in my own bosom; but if, as I suspect, he is haughty, violent, and despotic, she, the unassuming victim of enthusiastic

gratitude, she shall be snatched from the sacrifice, and reserved for a happier destiny." These were the wild suggestions of a perturbed mind; but reason calmed the tumults of his soul, and prescribed a line of conduct more consistent with honour and justice.

(To be continued.)

EJACULATIONS

AT THE GRAVE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

HUSH, winds of night! pour not your howlings on the ear of grief!—Here, at the grave of valour, let me pause; and pausing, let me mourn the fate of Moore!

Undaunted chieftain! doom'd to die on victory's bleeding breast; far from thy home, thy country, and thy friends; laid in an undistinguished grave, wept but by those, thy brave companions in the war! Yet, to a soul like thine, one tear of valour dropping for thy fate, cheers like the dew of heaven, when falling on the fragile flower that bends its sinking head to earth.—Yet shall thy venerating country wreath thy name with all its best-loved, much-lamented heroes; and it shall go to after-times, entwined in glorious union with those of Wolfe, of Abercrombie, and of Nelson! who all, like thee, in victory's inspiring moment, sunk on the laurell'd bed of death, which thus was robbed of half its terrors!

England will embalm thy memory in marble; a high-wrought tomb will tell thy deeds of valour, and thy death! Ages yet unborn will view it, and admire!—But time, that slow, yet sure destroyer,

'Will make the tell-tale marble's surface plain;'

and crumble into dust the sculptured figures that adorn it. But o'er thy glorious name time will have no influence; its ever-living fame will, when time is no more, be found in bright eternity's vast page!

The spot that holds thy sacred dust, will be respected, even by the men who were thine enemies; but to the rising heroes of thy native land, 'twill be a place of pilgrimage; hither they will come, and, as they view thy unembellished grave, a pensive sigh for Moore will burst from every bosom: but every bosom that contains a heart of valiant mould, will feel an ardent glow to emulate thy fame, and gain the honours that await a name of glory, e'en though 'twere purchased dearly as was thine.

Thus, then, let me apostrophize thy memory:—

If ever poet penn'd a theme of praise,
Embalming valour's mem'ry in his lays;
If ever fame's immortal wreath was due,
That wreath, that theme, belongs, Oh, Moore! to you.
For your great genius gave the battle pow'r,
Though fate had destin'd it thy final hour!
Britain must mourn so brave a warrior lost,
His life-blood streaming on Iberia's coast;
But, ah! not unreveng'd he yields his breath,
A vict'ry consecrates the hero's death!
Wolfe! Abercrombie! Nelson! names how blest!
Like thee, they fell on vict'ry's crimson'd breast!
Unfading honours wait on each great name,
And thine, with theirs, shall find eternal fame!

J. M. L.

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from Vol. V. Page 225.)

HAVING passed near a fortnight with my philanthropic relation, during which period I saw as much to admire in him as the master of a family, as in the founder of a useful

and benevolent institution, I reluctantly quitted Lanerk, believing that, if I was to make the tour of Europe, I should never have the good fortune to meet with a character so unostentatiously benevolent, or so completely amiable, as that of Mr. Dale's.

Prepared as I had been, by the friend who accompanied me in my visit to Lanerk, to behold a man in whose person was united all those qualities which call forth esteem and regard, yet his manners were so insinuatingly soft, and the whole tenor of his conduct so pure and perfect, that he inspired a kind of religious veneration; and when I reflected that his whole life was spent in promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures, I could scarcely avoid exclaiming—"This is a true disciple of the blessed Saviour of the world!" Having parted from this exemplary man with sincere regret on my side, and apparent reluctance on his own, my cousin and self returned to Glasgow, each extolling the merit of our hospitable entertainer.

As the rays of the sun appear more effulgent after being concealed by a gloomy atmosphere, and as the beauties of spring seem peculiarly striking after an intensely severe winter, so do the different lights and shades in the human character make a deeper impression by being contrasted. I had not, (as I observed at the commencement of my journal,) seen any of my northern connections for several years; in short, I was a mere boy when chance made me stationary in and near the metropolis of England; yet I had kept up a regular correspondence with my relations.

As my cousin and self re-entered Glasgow about two hours before dinner, we determined to stroll about the town, that I might judge of the improvements which had taken place during my absence. The greater part of my family were concentrated in and near this beautiful city, to several of whom I had not paid my respects, as the eager desire I had to visit Lanerk, or rather the benevolent founder of the institution I have mentioned, made me

wholly unmindful of form and etiquette. A sister of my cousin, a lovely girl about fourteen, intreated permission to accompany us in our walk, and we had scarce quitted the house, when tapping me familiarly upon the shoulder, she exclaimed, "Oh! Cousin Davie, you will repent your journey to Lanerk; for my uncle Mackintosh declares he will never forgive you, for having visited Mr. Dale before you called upon him. Nay," continued the arch girl, "I do not know whether you have not lost the greatest treasure any man could possess; for the all-accomplished Jenny Mackintosh resents the insult as much as her papa."

Though I smiled at the artless girl's insinuation, I felt myself guilty of inattention to the nearest relation I had on the side of my mother, and determined to make all possible amends for my fault.

The man, whose character I intend to delineate by his conduct, was the reputed possessor of near two hundred thousand pounds; part of which had been left him by his father, but the greater part had been amassed by unwearied industry, united to all the abject servility that could be practised by an avaricious mind. He made his entrance into life as the steward of a nobleman, and, by *booing* and *booing*, gained a complete ascendancy over his employer; and as his grace merely studied the gratification of his appetites, in a very few years he was overwhelmed with debts. In those pressing exigencies, to which the united passions for dice and horse-racing involved him, he always applied to his steward for relief, who regularly informed him that money could no longer be drained from the pockets of his tenants, as he had actually mortgaged the greater part of his estates. Timber was necessarily cut down, and sold to persons employed by Mackintosh, to purchase it at his own price; and as his grace daily became poorer, his designing steward's wealth proportionably increased. Death, however, at an early period of life, put

an end to the duke's increasing poverty, and to his steward's plans of augmenting his fortune.

The means by which my insinuating relation had amassed an independent property, were too well known in Scotland, for him to indulge the hope of obtaining a similar situation; he therefore not only prudently avoided making any application of that nature, but resolved to take up the business of a money-lender; and, for this purpose, he bought a house in Glasgow, and commenced his new career upon a very small scale. He professed himself the ready supporter of poverty and industry; and to humble mechanics lent small sums, for the security of which, they either made over to him their stock in trade, or their household goods. To make it appear that humanity was the motive which instigated him to assist the needy, his clothes were the meanest that could be procured; and his family, which consisted only of a maid and boy, (the latter of whom he had taken out of a charity school) were not only ill-clothed, but worse fed.

This appearance of poverty, however, did not prevent men of rank from courting his acquaintance; they were well aware that his purse was amply supplied, and from lending small sums to the industrious mechanics, his humble dwelling became the resort of the first noblemen in the realm. His pride, notwithstanding, consisted in the idea of being thought to deprive himself of the comforts of existence, for the pleasure of supplying the wants of his friends; and though no man had more completely enjoyed the luxuries of the table, yet it certainly was at the Duke of H——'s expence; and he actually, when at his own, appeared to grudge nature the common sustenance which it required. The parish boy, who of course had been accustomed to hardships, was frequently heard to declare he lived more sumptuously at the workhouse than with his present master; however, as he was bound for a term of years, resignation became a necessary virtue; and remon-

strance, he was well aware, would only have excited resentment.—Dorothy, Mr. Mackintosh's only female domestic, whom he dignified with the title of housekeeper, had originally filled the office of scullion in the Duke of H——'s kitchen, and had acquired a sufficient knowledge of culinary operations to have dressed a dinner composed of real delicacies, if her master would have purchased them.

Dolly had been so long accustomed to consider the steward as his grace's equal, that when Mackintosh offered to make her his housekeeper, she thought herself raised to the highest pinnacle of greatness; and having neither mistress to controul, or man-cook to tyrannize over her, she felt all the consequence that could be attached to her situation. She not only readily submitted to all the deprivations of appetite, but made poor Donald (which was the name of the parish boy), do the same; and so charmed was her master with the frugality of her conduct, that he soon began to entertain the idea of rewarding it by bestowing upon her his name.

Though my relation had been too intent upon what is termed the main chance, to pay any attention to the ladies, yet fame, or scandal, had proclaimed a few gallant exploits amongst the lower classes of society; but the objects of his affection, or rather passion, were such as could not aspire to the honour of being his wife. Dorothy had been about three years in his service, when the idea of exalting her to that dignity occurred; and as she was not deficient in personal attractions, none of his family were surprised at the bachelor's choice. Mind, or manners, were neither requisite ingredients in the woman Mr. Mackintosh selected for a companion for life; as health, cleanliness, and good-temper, were the only requisites (he often declared) necessary in the marriage state. Though he made proposals in form, he likewise made stipulations; which were, that she should still perform the menial offices for which she was first engaged; and that though, when alone, she was no

longer to dine in the kitchen, yet, whenever he had company, she was to retire to her former lowly state.

To these conditions the humble fair one readily acceded; well knowing that, in the three years she had filled the office of housekeeper, her intended husband had never had company three times; and being naturally diffident, she had not a wish of associating with persons in a higher sphere of life. The nuptial ceremony was performed with the greatest privacy; and had not Donald discovered the secret, none of Mr. Mackintosh's family would have known it had taken place, until the situation in which the lady some time afterwards found herself had discovered it; for within a twelve months she presented her husband with a little girl. The birth of the little stranger, though the known heiress to an immense fortune, produced no alteration in Mr. Mackintosh's domestic arrangements; and it was near six months old before Dorothy was able to persuade her husband to allow her to hire a country girl, to take off the fatigue of nursing, and assist her in washing and ironing.

Money transactions, however, about this time, began to pour in upon him; and Donald, who was an expert penman, could no longer assist in the affairs of the house, therefore necessity compelled Mackintosh to comply with the entreaties of his wife. Donald might now be considered as raised to the dignity of prime minister, and his fidelity could only be equalled by his unwearied exertions; yet more assistants became actually necessary, and at the time of my arrival at Glasgow, my relation had constant occupation for three clerks. He still, however, resided in the same house which he at first inhabited; and Mrs. Mackintosh, (though the original stipulation of dining in the kitchen when her husband had company, had been set aside), performed the office of a servant; for their only female domestic was an ignorant country girl, who was merely fit to wash dishes, and perform the most menial offices.

The hopeful heiress of this hopeful couple had just entered her seventeeth year, at the period I have alluded to;

and from the description my lively young cousin had given me of her personal and mental attractions, I confess I had very little curiosity to be introduced to her; yet as the ties of consanguinity are much more attended to in Scotland than in England, I felt it a duty incumbent upon me to pay my respects to father, mother, and daughter. The former was not only my near relation, but my godfather; and I had been christened Davie in compliment to him.

I therefore, instead of visiting the university and the cathedral, which I had intended doing before dinner, directed my footsteps to Mr. Mackintosh's abode; but just as we were turning the corner of a street, who should we accidentally encounter but the very man. As several years had elapsed since I had seen my miserly relation, I had a faint recollection of his person; yet his dress was so completely striking as to attract my observation, and, turning to my female companion, I said, "Do you know that original?" His coat had once been black; but I am inclined to believe a brush had never passed over it, from the fear, I suppose, of wearing it out; he had on a leather cap resembling those which children have for the purpose of tossing about at school; and his inexpressibles (as they are politely termed) were of that thick kind of leather which wood-cutters and day-labourers usually wear.

"Good morning to you, sir," exclaimed my cousin, approaching forward a few steps before us, "this is an unexpected pleasure: we were going to your house. Permit me to introduce Mr. Davie M—— to you, who is this moment returned from Lanerk."

"Yes, yes, I had heard of his arrival; and am fully sensible of the compliment he paid his godfather, by running after a distant relation before he inquired after the welfare of his own flesh and blood."

This salutation was so completely unexpected, and the acrimonious tone in which it was expressed, threw me so

entirely off my guard, that much as I despised the being who had addressed the reproof to me, I made as awkward an apology as any school boy. Recovering myself a little, I ventured to inquire after his wife and daughter, and even requested permission to pay my respects to them. Instead of replying to the inquiry, he fixed his penetrating eyes in my face, when, after pausing a few moments, he said, "My girl, I can tell you, young man, will make a most excellent wife; and as I have a correspondent in London, who has watched you pretty narrowly, I had formed a scheme for making your fortune, had you not thought proper to frustrate it, by treating us all with contempt; for my girl is a girl of spirit, and has a right to look up to the first nobleman in the land. Besides, I have spent a good deal of money on her; she writes as fine a hand as ever was beheld; and as to accompts—why, lord bless you! she has the pence and multiplication at her fingers' ends!"

During this eulogium, my arch little cousin kept pinching the arm on which she was leaning with such violence, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my risible faculties, or avoid giving some testimony of the pain she unintentionally inflicted; but disengaging myself from her grasp, I extended my hand to the father of this paragon of female excellence, intreating him not only to pardon my offence, but introduce me to my lovely cousin, an appellation which seemed far from displeasing the old gentleman, who, unceremoniously wishing my two companions good morning, declared I should dine with Jane.

After turning down two or three narrow alleys, we arrived at the abode of wealth; and as all is not gold that glitters, so is not poverty always to be found where there is an appearance of it. The house, so far from bearing any proportion to its possessor's real situation, was such a one as the humblest mechanic might have, with propriety, resided in; at the extremity of the yard, however, two offices and a decent parlour had been erected, for the pur-

pose of transacting business with men of rank. During our walk, Mr. Mackintosh made several inquiries respecting the mode of life I had adopted; and finding that I understood the main chance, or rather, that Providence had, in mercy, crowned my undertakings, he said I was just the kind of man he had been looking out for; "And if Jenny likes you," continued he, "we will strike up a bargain; for I begin to feel myself going down hill apace, and I should wish to see the poor girl well settled, you may naturally think, before I die."

It never entered into the mind of Mr. Mackintosh, that a young man who had just, as it were, begun to make a fortune, should hesitate for a moment before he accepted such a glittering proposal; neither did he, who had merely studied his convenience in marrying, imagine that I should expect to find a rational companion in the being with whom I intended to pass my life; and, moreover, he thought the education he had given his daughter would increase the advantages of fortune, by enabling her to save her husband the expence of a clerk; as it was her business every evening to regulate the ledger.

I neither appeared to grasp at or negative the proposition; my heart was totally unengaged, and the prospect of being ultimately heir to such an immense fortune as my relation was the professed master of, doubtless was very alluring; yet to sacrifice my domestic comforts—to give my children a mother incapable of fulfilling the sacred duties attached to the character, and one whose coarse and uncultivated manners would be the means of destroying filial respect, would, in my opinion, have been one of the most degrading and avaricious actions it was possible for any man to commit. On the other hand, I had been told the girl was not only good-looking but good-tempered; the passive obedience she had seen her mother practise, must necessarily prove an excellent lesson for a wife; and as in all things she had testified a readiness to please her

father, a different motive would actuate her when she became a wife. She had been represented to me as a perfect Miss Hoyden; but then no pains had been taken to cultivate her mind; and if united to a man who had a taste for literature, might she not endeavour to improve her own understanding?

All these ideas passed rapidly in succession as we entered the gate which led to my cousin's office, where we found no less than three earls and two lords anxiously waiting the expected return of their too necessary assistant. Had he been their equal in rank they could not have accosted him with more politeness; or had he been their father, testified more anxiety for his health;—"Why did he not change the air? Why did he not accept each of their invitations? And why did he not take a partner to lessen the fatigue of business?"

"The latter I have some thoughts of doing, my lord," replied Mr. Mackintosh, addressing himself to the Earl of E——n; "and if I do, that is the gentleman who will ease me of the weight of business." Astonishment was evidently marked on the features of the right honourable gentlemen as my cousin injudiciously presented me alternately to each; and for my part, I never before felt in such an unpleasant predicament, and returned their civilities with the awkward bashfulness of a boy of fifteen; taking care, however, to let them know I was a junior partner in a banking-house in the metropolis, the name of which at once carried respectability and weight.

The noblemen and my relation then retired into an inner apartment, and left me in company with Donald, who, as I before observed, had been raised to the dignity of first clerk; whilst through the glass window of a door which opened into a smaller apartment, I saw two others at their different employments. Donald, in compliance with the whims of his master, was very plainly dressed, yet he certainly looked much more respectable; and in

manners bore no traces of his humble origin. With this young man I entered into conversation until the right honourables took leave, not a little impatient, I acknowledge, to be introduced to the blooming Jane.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 130.)

London, Oct. 21.

LORD COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

AS you, my dearest mother, have so frequently enforced the necessity of making my inclination subservient to the duties of life, I am persuaded the reasons I am going to assign for not flying upon the wings of filial affection to Colville castle will meet with your approbation.

I will not enter into a detail of the circumstances which have occurred since I had the pleasure of addressing you, or delineate the various characters which are assembled together in a man of war; it is sufficient to observe, that a midshipman, of the name of O'Neal, had conducted himself in so disrespectful a manner, that the captain, three weeks previous to our coming to the action, (mentioned in my former letter,) put him under arrest. That he is naturally brave, all his messmates are willing to testify; and that he had not an opportunity of evincing his courage, drove him to extremities; in short, during the whole of the engagement, his rage at not being able to prove his valour, led him to utter the most insolent, and, I may add, mutinous remarks against the captain. These remarks were related to our commander, and I fear, or rather hope, exaggerated; the consequence is, he is to be tried by a court-martial, and he has implored me to aid him in his defence. Subordination on board a ship is

so absolutely necessary, that without it the officers would be in actual danger of their lives; and if these who ought to set an example of obedience become refractory, it is an actual licence to the sailors to pursue the same mode of conduct. O'Neal had behaved with disrespect to the captain, in the presence of the greater part of the crew, which induced him to act with a greater degree of severity than if the offence had been committed in a less conspicuous part of the ship. That he will be superseded, there is no doubt; and had he to deal with a man of less humanity than Captain B——d, certainly would be broke; but so far is he from wishing to blast the future prospects of this hot-headed Irishman, that he joined his intreaties that I should wait the issue of the trial. As five days were to intervene, and no magnet attracted me to Portsmouth, I resolved to give my dear Louisa what I considered would be an agreeable surprise; and, without giving her the slightest hint of my intention, drove up to Doctor Douglass's door about ten o'clock yesterday morning. A servant, to whom my person was unknown, opened it; and before I could inquire either for the lady of the mansion or my sister, said, "Sir, my mistress is extremely unwell, and has not been able to see any company since last Tuesday."

I was truly hurt at this account, as you may imagine; but, interrupting him, expressed a hope Miss Colville was not ill; at the same time pressing forward to the drawing-room, without giving him time to announce my name.

My Louisa's back being towards the door, she did not see me enter; I flew forward, impelled by fraternal affection, and, encircling her in my arms, tenderly embraced her, without uttering a word.

A high finished lady of ton, I am persuaded, would either have thought it necessary to faint, or fall into an hysteric fit, had such an ungallant son of Neptune, in the fulness of natural affection, taken a sister by surprise. Not so my dear Louisa; though the sudden transition of

her expressive countenance convinced me I had consulted my own feelings rather than hers; the embrace, however, was warmly returned, with an exclamation of, "Thank God, you are safe, my beloved brother!"

The secret satisfaction I had felt at surprising my sister, made me totally indifferent to all forms of politeness; and I blush at acknowledging, that though a young lady was breakfasting with her, I neither testified towards her good-breeding or respect. Louisa, however, soon recalled me to a sense of propriety, by saying, "My dear Edward, we ought to apologize to my friend." Then turning to Lady Charlotte Clements, "Will you permit affection to plead as an excuse for want of politeness? and allow me to introduce that brother, whose amiable qualities have so often been the theme of my discourse." This artless and unstudied introduction, not only raised a blush in mine but Lady Charlotte's expressive face; and so completely was I thrown off my guard by it, that I know not exactly what reply her ladyship made; though I am persuaded it was something flattering to my sister as well as myself.

In less than half an hour, Lady Charlotte and myself appeared as well acquainted as if we had known each other from childhood; in fact, my dearest mother, you have persuaded me our souls are congenial, or rather, our tastes similar; and when that is the case, time is not necessary to form an intimacy. Lady Charlotte certainly is one of the most interesting young women I ever was in company with; notwithstanding which, had I never heard any traits of her private virtues, I should have mingled her amongst the number of my common acquaintance; of course, thought her polished and pleasing, but never entertained an idea of making her my wife. Louisa's epistolary description of her intrinsic value led me, however, (if I may use the expression,) to draw her forth: we spent the greater part of yesterday together, and I esteem and admire, without being in love.

Mrs. Douglass was no sooner made acquainted with my arrival, than she summoned my sister into her bed-room, for the purpose of desiring her to detain me prisoner in the house, until she had received Sir Walter Farquhar's permission to quit her chamber: "but allowing," said she, "the doctor should prove inexorable, I do not believe the scandalous Chronicle would condemn me if I receive him in my dressing-room: and as Lady Charlotte has promised to pass the day with us, I do not think our party will be altogether dull."

The doctor entered just as his patient had made the declaration, and gave it as his opinion, that society, instead of injuring, would aid the effect of his medicines; yet recommended that, instead of venturing into the dining-parlour, the dressing-room should be the scene of rational conversation. You will recollect, my dear mother, the appellation I used to give that apartment, namely, that it was the seat of Science; and when I looked at Lady Charlotte and my beloved Louisa, there wanted but a third Hebe, to convert it into the abode of the Graces. The amiable Mrs. Douglass, by her elegant and fascinating manners, more than supplied the want of youthful charms, and I may with truth assert, that I never passed a day so completely to my satisfaction.

What a description have you given me of the lost Eliza! lost, in every sense of the word. But what an unfeeling villain is her seducer; it is well for him and me that I am not her brother; for depravity like his should not go unpunished. Poor infatuated, mistaken girl!—though it is considered unmanly to weep, I shed tears as I read the relation. Your first account of her misconduct made me despise—but the second compelled me to pity her. What scorn must she expect to meet with; where can she go, that shame will not follow her? The busy tongue of slander will pursue her into retirement, and the mountains of Wales will re-echo her fall from virtue!

And so poor Sir Henry P——— is fast journeying to that country from whence no traveller returns! The widow and orphan will drop the tear of unfeigned sorrow to his memory, for a more amiable character never existed in the world. The partiality my friends testify, will, I trust, prove an additional stimulus, and make me doubly desirous of meriting their good opinion. I shall with joy embrace their proposal; and, in the course of a fortnight, hope I shall personally assure them of that gratitude which glows in my heart.

I shall only remark, that I never saw my sister look so well, or half so lovely; and I almost wonder the doctor's house is not beset with beaux. She assures me, however, her heart is unaffected by any of the fine speeches which have been made to her; and most sincerely do I hope no impression will be made upon it, before her arrival at the castle. Was I the father of that dear girl, I do not think it possible that I could feel more tenderly interested in her future happiness. I know but one man truly deserving of her—and who that one is I will leave you to guess.

Farewell, my dearest, best of mothers; I shall impatiently count the minutes until I can fly to your arms, and personally assure you of the tender affection of your truly grateful and fondly attached son,

COLVILLE.

MISS COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

I will not trespass upon your time, my beloved mother, by describing the delight which I experienced at the unexpected sight of my dear brother; for as the same frank is to inclose our letters, he doubtless has informed you that he took us by surprise. I make use of the plural instead of the singular, as Lady Charlotte Clement's was breakfasting with me; we had taken a long walk, in company with Mrs. Mason, to visit a sick pensioner of her ladyship's, whose only daughter is in a deep consumption, for whom

she has hired a lodging at a milk-house, a little beyond Paddington. Mrs. Mason returned with us to Doctor Douglass's, and then left us to make breakfast for the countess. We were in deep conversation when the door opened, and not having raised my eyes, judge of my astonishment, at feeling myself warmly pressed to the bosom of a man, whose well known voice, however, soon reconciled me to the unexpected embrace.

Lady Charlotte's surprise, if I might judge from her expressive countenance, was not less than my own; though, from being opposite the door, she saw him enter, and, from the naval uniform, naturally concluded it to be my brother. We passed a most gratifying day together; Edward was all life and soul, and entertained us with a variety of anecdotes and incidents, which apparently gave equal pleasure to us all. I am certain that my friend was perfectly delighted with my brother's conversation; for whenever he spoke, her attention appeared fixed upon his words; and when I compare his judicious remarks to the frivolity with which the generality of young men of fashion entertain the ladies, he cannot avoid gaining by the comparison.

When we retired after dinner, the first question I put to Lady Charlotte was, "How do you like my brother?"—"Like him!" she repeated, with peculiar emphasis, "he appears exactly the sort of young man Lord Chesterfield was desirous of making his son; with this distinction, that polish of manners seems the result of purity of mind: whilst his lordship, unfortunately, thought the graces would compensate for rectitude and worth: but he certainly is, without any compliment, one of the most infatuating young men I ever saw."

Edward appeared no less pleased with her ladyship; and after the departure of each, Mrs. Douglass said, "What do you think, Louisa, of my setting up for a prophetess? Shall I, in the true fortune-telling strain, calculate the destinies of my absent friends? and let you into the secret, that the fates decree them to be united."

"Heaven grant the prediction may be verified, my dear madam," I replied, fervently clasping my hands: "I say amen, however, to the decrees of fate." More improbable events than this certainly often happen, my dearest mother; and what, on every account delights me, Lady Charlotte has promised to accompany me to the castle; so that Edward will have an opportunity of increasing the favourable impression. He quits London to-morrow evening by the mail, and the morning we are to pass with her ladyship, as he is to escort us to a capital exhibition of paintings; and as they are chiefly Italian views, he will be able to inform us whether they are correct representations.

I must now, my dear mother, revert to our walk yesterday morning; but every thing I see, or hear of Lady Charlotte Clements, tends to raise her in my opinion. Poor Lucy Metcalf, the young invalid whom we visited at Paddington, is the daughter of a coachman who lived many years with the countess, who left a wife and five young children to deplore a fall which occasioned his death. Lucy, from being three years older than any of her brothers or sister, was, to make use of the poor woman's words, her mother's right-hand; Lady Charlotte put her to school at a very early period, and she became sole instructress to the other children; for, unfortunately, Mrs. Metcalf was not able to teach them. The parish only allowed the wretched widow half a crown a week, but the countess generously added another to it, and Lady Charlotte's bounty was unconfined; she did not periodically fix on any sum, but relieved the widow according to her necessities. About six months ago Lucy's mother was seized with the scarlet fever—her humane benefactresses were at their country seat—the washing and ironing, by which she supported her family, was obliged to be neglected; in short, even her neighbours shunned the abode of sickness, with as much fear as if it had been the plague. Lucy was sole nurse to her apparently dying mother, and for fifteen nights never went to bed; the Almighty in mercy blessed her filial ex-

ertions, and in time the poor woman completely recovered. Two of her children caught the infectious disorder, Lucy was equally indefatigable in the care of them; and though Providence, in a peculiar manner, preserved her from the malady, yet her consitution bent under anxiety and fatigue, and she is, I fear, in the last stage of a consumption: though the physician who attends her flatters himself he shall be able to preserve her valuable life.

The moment Lady Charlotte returned to the metropolis, she was made acquainted with the distresses this humble family had sustained, and, with a generosity which does honour to human nature, paid all the debts the widow had contracted during her long illness; but this was not all, for poor Lucy became the object of her tenderest solicitude.

Madam de Genlis, my dear mother, in one of her valuable productions, describes the benefit which may be derived in pulmonary diseases from milk and vegetable diet, united to inhaling the cow's breath. Lady Charlotte instantly resolved to try the experiment upon Lucy, and spent several mornings in endeavouring to find some worthy family to board her with: and, about a fortnight ago, met with one to her satisfaction, a short distance from Paddington. She has had a kind of deal sofa placed in the cow-house, on which poor Lucy, who is too weak to sit in an erect posture, reclines for several hours, but particularly at the time of milking; and with her own hands she has made cushions for the sofa; in short, pays this dutiful girl the most delicate attention. Lucy declares herself much better, but a more shocking cough I never heard; she lives entirely upon milk and vegetables; but I fear no human endeavours can save her.

I have not had an opportunity of telling this anecdote to my brother; for the amiable benefactress of this poor girl was with us while we were together, and she informed me she could not give me so great a proof of her esteem and affection, as that of allowing me to witness any act of benevolence; "for charity, my dear Louisa," said she,

" should be secret; and the great instructor of it has informed us, we ought not to let the left hand know what the right does."

I could not help smiling, my dear mother, at your description of poor Susan's blunder; the sand and soap were completely in character. My brother's friend has certainly paid me a great compliment, though I am sorry it should have prevented him from displaying attention to the beautiful Emma! pray present my love to her, and, in my eyes, her more lovely sister, who always was my favourite. Poor Augustus, and do you really think he is love-sick! I hope and trust it is not a hopeless passion; for, next to my brother, I do not know a more amiable young man. I have so completely filled my paper, that I have scarcely room to say adieu. God preserve my dearest mother, is the ardent prayer of her LOUISA.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XV.

The Siege of Rochelle; or, The Christian Heroine. Translated from the French of Madam de Genlis. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

THIS story, though a most extravagant fiction, merits our approbation on the score of its morality. It is replete with interest, and exalts the female character almost beyond imitation. The enthusiastic piety of the Christian Heroine forms a striking contrast to the infidelity and licentiousness of the present age. Mr. Dallas has done justice to the subject, and given a spirited and elegant translation.

Memoirs of Agrippina, the Wife of Germanicus. By Mrs. Hamilton.

FROM the pen of this sensible and well-educated lady, there has never yet issued a work liable to censure, or

against which the most ill-natured critic could vent a sarcasm. A well-improved understanding, a refined taste, and a pure mind, are sources from which no corrupt principles can ever flow. In all her *original* productions she has evinced great genius, and no small share of erudition; nor is the present work inferior to any of her former efforts. Even to those well read in the Roman History, the domestic life of Agrippina may afford much interesting amusement; and to those who have no taste for such serious subjects, we can recommend Mrs. Hamilton's work, as combining most of the usual attractions of a novel, with historical truth and judicious observations.

A Winter in Bath; or, Love as it may be, and Friendship as it ought to be. By Mrs. Bayfield. Hughes and Co.

We understand the first title to have been an imposition of the publishers, to pass it on the public for another popular work bearing the same name. It is in a series of insipid letters, with much sentimental slip slop; and what renders it infinitely more disgusting is, that the whole interest of the story turns on an illicit amour; and the delicate struggles of the heroine, who is a married woman, to conquer her attachment to an unprincipled rake. The correspondence of the male characters, in this *popular* novel, is so strongly tinctured with impiety, vulgarity, and libertinism, that we could never have believed it to be the production of a female, had not the authoress, unblushingly, prefixed her name. For this, however, she has our praise; as her candour will not suffer her to let another incur the opprobrium of presenting to the public a work so little entitled to commendation.

The Banks of the Wye. Crosby and Co.

We have seldom met with a more interesting or unexceptionable novel than the Banks of the Wye. The style is

easy, unaffected, and chaste. The characters are drawn without overstepping the modesty of nature, and the sentiments do honour to the writer. The incidents occur naturally, and are diversified with skill; no tedious descriptions fatigue the attention, no extravagant romantic flights, disgust common sense. The moral is excellent, and is not forced upon us, as it is after the perusal of certain pernicious trash, like a pill after a fit of indigestion; but occurs from our own reflections on the gradual fall of innocence, led astray by vanity and pride. Many of the scenes depicted are calculated to awaken the liveliest sensibility: on the whole, it is entitled to our warmest recommendation.

A Winter in Bath. By the Author of the Banks of the Wye.

THIS is a lively and amusing novel, something in the style of Miss Burney's Camilla, and not inferior. The characters are accurately delineated; those of young Dawson, an awkward and illiterate pretender to gentility—and a bustling economical maiden aunt, afforded us much diversion.

PHENOMENA OF COLOURS EXPLAINED.

MANY objections have been started to the theory of colours, as advanced by Locke, and other natural philosophers; the most convincing proof in favour of his assertion of their proceeding entirely from the rays of light which fall on various bodies, according to the properties of which, in reflecting or absorbing these rays, different colours are produced to the sight; is afforded by the experiments made by Mr. Deleval, among which are the following:—If two thick glasses, the one red and the other green, are placed one upon another, they will produce a perfect opacity, though each of them, taken separately, is transparent; because the one permits the red rays only to pass through it,

and the other only green ones; therefore, when these two glasses are united, neither of these kind of rays can reach the eye, because the first permits only the red rays to pass, and the other transmits only the green.

To determine the cause of the permanent colours in opake bodies, Mr. Deleval prepared a great variety of coloured fluids, which he put in phial bottles of a square form. The backs of these phials he coated over with an opake substance, leaving the front of the phial uncovered, and the whole of the neck. On exposing them to the incidental light, he found, that from the parts of the phials covered at the back, no light whatever was reflected, but they were perfectly black; while the light transmitted through the uncoated parts of the phials was of different colours. The same fluids, spread thinly on a white ground, exhibited their proper colours; the light being, in this case, reflected from the white ground, and transmitted through a coloured medium. It is almost unnecessary to add, that, when spread upon a black ground, they afforded no colour. The next object of this ingenious philosopher was, to obtain the colouring particles pure and unmixed, with other media. To this end he reduced several transparent coloured liquors to a solid consistence by evaporation, and in this state the colouring particles reflected no light, but were perfectly black. To determine the principle on which opake bodies appeared coloured, it is therefore only necessary, in the first place, to recollect, that all the coloured liquors appear such only by transmitted light; and, secondly, that these liquors, spread thinly upon a white ground, exhibit their respective colours. He therefore concludes, that all coloured bodies, which are not transparent, consist of a substratum of some white substance, which is thinly covered with the colouring particles; as the filings of green or blue glass will be always white.

On extracting carefully the colouring matter from the leaves of wood, and other parts of vegetables, he found that the basis was a substance perfectly white. The result

was the same from an examination of the mineral kingdom. When smooth surfaces, of dark coloured marble or slate are scratched, the air enters into the insterstices which are opened by this operation, and reflects a whiter or light coloured hue. He also made the following observations on the

COLOUR OF THE SEA.

Dr. Halley, in the diving-bell, observed, that when he was sunk many fathoms deep into the sea, the upper part of his hand, on which the sun shone directly through the water, was red; and the lower part a bluish green. On this Mr. Deleval remarks, that the opacity of the sea, caused by the numerous reflections from its internal parts, is so considerable, that it is not near so transparent as other water; the reflective particles, therefore, which are dispersed through the mass of sea-water, have consequently a greater reflective power than those which are dispersed through the atmosphere. Instead, therefore, of reflecting a delicate blue, such as that of the sky, the sea-water, by acting upon a greater portion of the refrangible rays, exhibits a green colour, which we know to be a middle colour, produced by the mixture of blue rays with some of the less refrangible, as the yellow or orange. With respect to the phenomena observed by Dr. Halley, it is easy to conceive that the light, when stripped of all the more refrangible rays, should produce a rose colour, such as he observed on the upper part of his hand; on the contrary, that which illuminated the lower part consisted chiefly of rays reflected from the ground, and partly of those reflected from the internal parts of the sea-water, which are chiefly blue or violet; and the mixture of these produced the greenish tinge which the doctor remarked, and which, to common observation, is the predominant colour of the ocean; though, when sea-water is admitted into any vessel which does not exceed a few inches in depth, it appears pellucid and colourless.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

RUNG one day, and nobody answered. He opened the door, and found the page sleeping on a sofa. He was going to wake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket. He had the curiosity to know the contents: he took, and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having sent a part of his wages, to assist her in her distress. She concluded, by beseeching God to bless him for his filial goodness. The king returned softly to his room, took a *rouleau* of ducats, and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rang so violently, that the page opened it, and entered. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt, with astonishment, the money. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter?"—"Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody would wish to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."—"My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep. Send this to your mother. Salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you."

Note.—Engel has made this anecdote the subject of a little drama, entitled, "The Page."

EDMOND WALLER,

THE celebrated poet, was a member of the famous poetical club, to which Falkland, Wenman, Chillingworth, Godolphin, and other illustrious names of the last age, belonged. One evening, when this club were met, a great noise was heard in the street, which not a little alarmed them; and, upon enquiring the cause, they were told that a son of Ben Jonson's was arrested. This club was too

generous to suffer a child of one, who was the genuine son of Apollo, to be carried to a gaol, perhaps for a trifle; they sent for him, but, in place of Ben Jonson's son, George Morley, afterwards bishop of Winchester, was brought before them. Waller took a liking to the young gentleman at first sight, paid the debt for him, which amounted to a hundred pounds, and took him down to Beckonsfield with him, where his descendants have a fine seat to this day. Here he continued for eight or ten years, and Waller used to say, that by lending a hundred pounds, he had paved the way for himself to borrow from his friend what was of infinitely more value, namely, a taste of the ancient poets, and what he had retained of their manner.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. IX.

TO MAKE ORANGE MARMALADE.

GET the clearest Seville oranges you can; cut them across, and take out all the juice and pulp into a bason, and carefully pick the skins and seeds out; then boil the rinds of the oranges till they are tender, changing the water several times to take off the bitterness, pound them soft in a mortar, mixing the juice and pulp, then put them in a glazed earthen pipkin, or bell metal pan, over a slow fire, with double its weight of loaf sugar. Let it simmer about twenty minutes, then put it into pots, cover it close with brandy paper, and tie it down with leather.

TO KEEP CUCUMBERS.

Choose those that are small, and not too old; put them in jars, and pour on them brine made in the following manner:—take a pound of salt, a quart of water, and a pint of vinegar. Set it over the fire till the salt is melted;

let it settle before you fill your jars; when full, pour some melted suet upon them, which will congeal on the top, and keep them from the air. When you would wish to use them, take them out of the brine, pare and slice them, and they will eat almost as well as when fresh gathered.

TO MAKE POTTED BEEF.

Take half a pound of brown sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre, and rub it into twelve pounds of beef, which should previously hang a week or more, according to the season. Let it lie four-and-twenty hours, then wash it clean, and dry it well with a cloth. Season it well with pepper, salt, and mace, and cut it into pieces; put it into an earthen pan, with a pound of fresh butter in lumps, set it in a hot oven, and let it stand three hours; then peel off the hard outsides, and pound the beef well in a mortar; add more seasoning to your taste. Oil a pound of butter in the gravy and fat that came from the meat, and put it in as you beat. When the meat is pounded very fine, put it into your deep dishes, and pour clarified butter over it. It must be kept in a dry place, or it will get mouldy.

A CHEAP AND EXCELLENT CURRIE, A DISH IN GREAT REQUEST IN THE EAST INDIES.

After having prepared the necessary quantity of cold fowl, rabbit, turkey, or veal, as for hashing, with a rich gravy, take a small quantity of turmerick root, of which grate about a tablespoonful; mix it with cayenne pepper, long pepper, and ginger grated, about a teaspoonful of each, unless you have an objection to such high seasoning, draw off the gravy, and cast the powder into it, with a clove of garlick shred fine. Let it boil a few minutes, then strain it, and pour over your meat, which must be served up with sliced lemon, and boiled rice in a separate dish.

MUSHROOM KETCHUP.

Take a quantity of full grown mushrooms, crush them well, and strew them over with salt. Let them stand all night and the next day; put them into stew-pans, set them in a quick oven for twelve hours, and then squeeze the juice out through a hair sieve. To every gallon of liquor put of, cloves, Jamaica pepper, long pepper, and ginger, one ounce each, and half a pound of common salt; set it on a slow fire, and let it boil an hour; when cold, bottle it off. If you find it get mouldy at any time, skim it carefully, and boil it up with about two ounces of allspice to each gallon.

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday, March 2, a new opera, called "The Circassian Bride," was performed at this theatre; but its success was not such as to afford the author much encouragement. The music was by Bishop. Some heavy and laboured airs were executed by Braham, with his usual taste and skill; but they were not relished by the audience.

On Friday, the 9th, about eleven o'clock, the theatre was discovered to be on fire; the flames burst out at the entrance in Brydges Street, and raged with such ungovernable fury, that in the course of three hours the whole of that beautiful edifice was destroyed, and many of the surrounding houses either demolished or materially injured. Many vague and malicious reports have been circulated respecting the cause of this alarming conflagration; but, after minute examination, it can be ascribed only to the carelessness of some workmen, who were employed in that part. The proprietors have sustained a heavy loss, and the performers are, perhaps, greater sufferers; being thrown out of employment at a season when no provincial engagement can afford them compensation, besides the severe loss

occasioned by being deprived of their benefits. No regular plan has as yet been adopted for their relief. The company have performed three nights at the Opera-House, at advanced prices, and met with liberal encouragement.

HAY-MARKET.

On Thursday, March 9, a new comedy was produced at this theatre, which was previously reported to be the joint labour of Reynolds and Morton; it was entitled "Independence; or, The Trustee." The plot of this piece was very simple; and although there was something not unpleasing in the design, it wanted humour and spirit; and the characters were too insignificant for the talents of the performers employed. It was given out for repetition with marked disapprobation.

Observations on the Fashions.

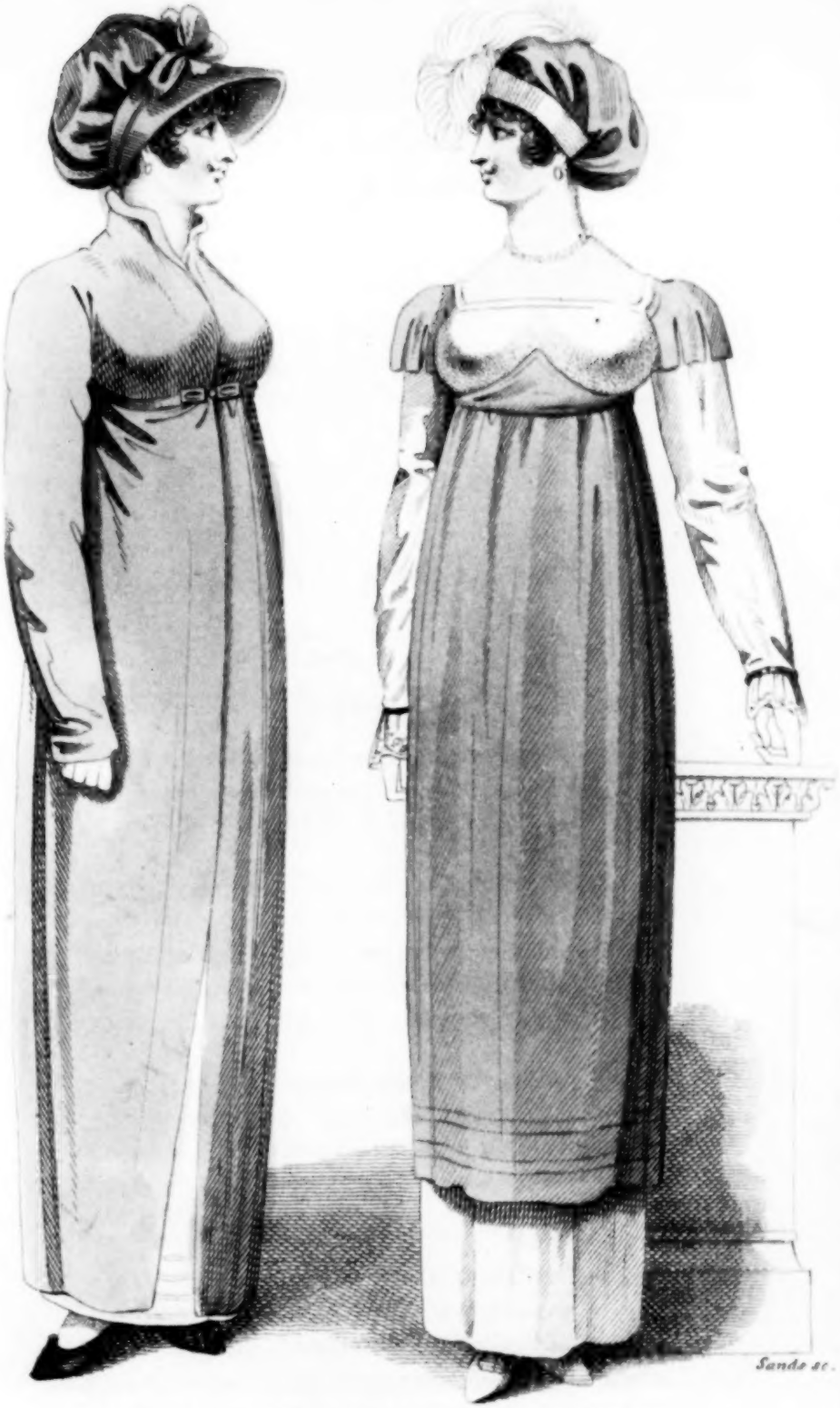
THE only novel article of dress worth notice, since our last, is the Saragossa hat, of straw, which is likely to become very fashionable. White beaver hats are at present much worn, with gold or silver loop, and binding. Spencers, or light pelisses, are edged with the same. Dresses of coloured muslin are worn over sarsenet slips. Flowers, or feathers, ornament every head-dress.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A pelisse of green silk, with a bonnet of the same colour; black kid shoes, and buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A white satin under dress, with long sleeves of the same, and laced cuffs; silver muslin short dress over it. Bonnet of white satin, with silver rose, or white feathers. White kid gloves and shoes.



LONDON DRESSES for APRIL.

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OCT

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

OSMOND THE TYRANT.

A FEUDAL STORY. BY J. M. L.

FAIR history tells us, in times long ago,
Of knights who in castles did dwell;
Who usurp'd o'er their vassals and tenants I trow,
Who govern'd like kings o'er the humble and low,
As the story will shew that I tell.

'Mongst those feudal usurpers of poverty's right,
None more hated than Osmond could be;
The disconsolate widow he wrong'd of her mite,
On the fatherless orphan he wreak'd his mean spite,
And another's distress was his glee.

By splendour surrounded, and health still his own,
He pursued his disgraceful career;—
For when health from the cheek of the villain is flown,
Dismay'd, he repents of the deeds he has done,
When to mercy he turn'd a deaf ear.

But should health's fair goddess, Hygeia, return,
And again bid his countenance bloom;
His passions once more will rebelliously burn,
Each vow that he made from his heart he will spurn,
Since disease does not point to the tomb.

Full oft, to increase with foul plunder his store,
Did Osmond in warfare engage;
On some neighbouring baron's possessions he bore,
From rich and from poor, all they valued he tore,
They were victims, alas! to his rage.

When war did not give his ambition full scope,
Some savage amusement he chose;
In the chase none with Osmond the tyrant could cope,
Before him the stag fled away without hope;
Thus he made man and beast both his foes.

One day, when with hunting fatigu'd and opprest,
His attendants were lost to his view;
He dismounted, and sought some soft spot where to rest;
Not oft with the balm of repose was he blest,
For the despot, of joys finds but few.

On a bank's flow'ry side, sleep at length seal'd his eyes,
But his slumber continued not long,
The soft sounds of melody soon made him rise,
He listen'd, and heard, whilst his looks spake surprise,
A female thus chanting her song.

SONG.

"Young Edwin lov'd me dear as life,
And I lov'd him as dearly too;
And soon I should have been his wife,
But into air our hopes all flew.

"Ah! luckless was the fearful hour,
That doom'd him far away to roam;
'Twas cursed Osmond's cruel pow'r,
Tore him away from love and home.

"My Edwin join'd the martial throng,
To fight the tyrant's wars he went;
Alas! he sank the slain among!
And Emma's heart was nearly rent.

" Joyless I view the rising sun,
For Edwin does not bless the day;
And when his brilliant course is run,
I joyless mark his setting ray."

Thus ended the wand'rer her sorrowful strain,
As she pensively stroll'd down the glade;
Osmond gaz'd on her beauties again and again,
And though her sad song smote his conscience with pain,
He vow'd he would have the fair maid.

She, silent and soft, with her eyes fix'd on earth,
Pac'd onwards, nor Osmond descried;
Her appearance reviv'd him, gave vigour new birth;
He started—and smiling—sad subject for mirth:
After Emma he instantly hied.

Caution mark'd ev'ry step, and full lightly he trod,
A cottage soon rose to the sight;
Once the dwelling of peace, but affliction's hard rod,
The shy strangers had driv'n to some happier abode,
Some abode known to joy and delight.

A poor aged father alone Emma had,
With him in his cottage she dwelt!
Her smiling demeanour once made his heart glad,
But, alas! now his days drag on heavy and sad,
Since the loss of young Edwin they felt.

Emma enter'd the cottage, and Osmond return'd
To the spot where his courser was bound;
He mounted his steed, with foul lust his soul burn'd,
And back tow'rds his castle his steps now were turn'd,
And he soon heard his bugles resound.

They spoke his attendants were nearly at hand,
Full soon he was join'd by the throng;
To the cottage then Osmond sent one of his band,
Of its tenant he 's order'd to make the demand,
That he would to the castle along.

Poor Albert too well knew he dare not refuse,
Though his heart boded mis'ry and woe,
'Twixt obedience or death, he had only to chuse;
He hastes with the trooper, who quickly renews
His speed, as together they go.

Arriv'd at the castle, in trembling affright
Albert waited the summons so dread;
Anguish prob'd ev'ry feeling, tears dim'd his weak sight,
And, when he was order'd to go to the knight,
He would rather have mix'd with the dead.

When arriv'd in his presence, thus Osmond address'd
The father of Emma the fair:
"You've a daughter, old man, who with beauty is blest,
Her charms I have seen, and their pow'r is confest,
I wish her affections to share."

"Alas! mighty sir," then poor Albert replied,
"Your wish will be futile and vain;
For Emma had vow'd to become Edwin's bride,
And since in the wars her poor lover has died,
Her breast beats with sorrow and pain."

"Peace, fool!" Osmond cried, "nor object once again,
To the offer so gen'rously made;
Sole mistress of me, your fair daughter shall reign,
In splendour she will soon forget all her pain,
And her breast grief no more will invade."

"Impossible, sir; for 'tis truth prompts my tongue,"
Once more Albert said to the knight;
"Your cruelty oft by sad Emma is sung,
For, alas! 'twas your power her happiness stung,
When Edwin you dragg'd to the fight."

"Is it so," then cried Osmond, in rage and despair,
"Thus you treat the kind offer I've giv'n;
But by ev'ry thing dreadful and horrid, I swear,
That nought shall take from me your daughter so fair,
Not even the pow'rs of heav'n.

"Guards, seize on this wretch, and to prison away,
There strictly confine him for ever;
Let no comfort be his, nor the glad light of day,
Be his food bread and water, on straw let him lay,
And I charge you, converse with him never."

His murderous mandate with speed was obey'd,
And in prison poor Albert was bound;
Then Osmond dispatch'd, for the beautiful maid,
Two horsemen, who quickly fair Emma convey'd
To the castle, in silence profound.

For a swoon had depriv'd her of reason and pow'r,
And when life return'd to its round,
Of existence she rued the first infantile hour;
Then again droop'd her head like some storm stricken flow'r,
And insensible sunk on the ground.

(To be continued.)

SOPHIA.

LET some, in search of foreign isles,
Thro' stormy oceans sail;
The sport of each tempestuous blast,
Of every rising gale.

Or to Golconda's wealthy mines,
Let others bend their way;
To disunite the golden ore,
From particles of clay.

I ne'er shall envy their pursuits,
So I might but enjoy
The smile that dimples Sophy's cheek,
Sweet smiles that never cloy.

Her lips outvie the blushing rose;
Her neck's as ivory fair;
Her eyes beam radiance divine,
Thro' curls of auburn hair.

Her breath excels the spicy gales,
That fan Arabian fields;
When Sol, in rising glories drest,
The eastern mountain gilds.

Good-nature marks her placid brow,
Sweet tribute from on high;
While soft her gentle bosom heaves,
With pity's plaintive sigh.

Kind charity her hand doth guide,
To hail another's woe;
While sweet dissolving from her tongue,
Truth's heavenly precepts flow.

With such a maid I'd freely live,
My hand and heart should join;
I'd strive to please her every day,
Might I but call her mine.

Finsbury, Feb. 12, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

HAIL! sacred Pity, hail! and deign to lend
Thy sweetest influence to my mournful lay;
Ye beauteous Loves and Graces too descend,
And drop a tear to one who own'd thy sway.

How pale that charming form, that lovely face,
Which lately shone with health and beauty's bloom;
Those lips which once the vermil rose did grace,
Are ting'd with mortal paleness in the tomb.

Those piercing eyes, which kindled Cupid's fire,
Or swell'd with pity's tear for others' pain;
No more with potent beams shall cause desire,
Or shed chaste love thro' ev'ry manly vein.

The sylvan choirs, now conscious of her death,
Lament her loss in tender plaintive lays;
The blooming flow'rs withhold their fragrant breath,
And Heaven, in showers, kind sympathy displays.

C.

*TO MISS B****, FROM LONDON,*

ON A VISIT AT G******.

A WREATH of rose-buds I'll prepare,
With hyacinths and jessamine,
To deck thy glossy auburn hair,
Or on thy bosom to recline.

If thou wilt only stay a while,
'Till Winter's gloomy reign goes by;
When Nature blooms, and all things smile,
The various garland weave will I.

To thee the gay bouquet I'll send,
An emblem of thyself so fair;
For fancy shall with beauty blend,
And native elegance be there.

O stay, and hence our bliss prolong,
The jocund dance thou'lt gayly lead;
To rapture waken with the song,
With love inspire bright beauty's meed.

Glasgow. J. C.

CHARADES.

1.

MY first, when Nelson's honour'd dust
Was borne to glory's tomb,
In the procession was, I trust,
But heeded not his doom.

My second is a sort of fair,
Where goods are brought for sale;
My third's a female bird, not rare,
To guess you cannot fail.

My whole's a town of ancient fame,
Within the British land;
Which to a county gives its name,
A name that sounds most grand.

March 1, 1809. J. M. L.

2.

My first is a spot where gay tulips oft blow;
And my second's a passage through rivers to go:
My whole, you will own,
Is the name of a town,
Entitled of old to respect and renown.

W—b—n. P.

SOLUTION

OF THE TWO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

1.

NO one can doubt the *sun dries* wet quite clean;
Thus your *small matters* are explain'd, I ween.

2.

A *lambkin's* a picture of innocence pure,
As is said in some fable's old moral;
And has often been shewn as an emblem, I'm sure,
Of the babe, with its bells and its coral.

A. B. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR poetical department is so overstocked, that we are obliged to omit several favours which we would willingly insert. That of R. W. shall appear next month.

We rather apprehend that the communication transmitted by H. C. is not original.

Our Woolwich correspondent must excuse our rejection of his favours. We are more particular in respect to the quality than the quantity of our poetical stock; and must take the liberty of intimating, that neither his prose nor verse will suit us.

Our good friend, Mrs. P——, will confer particular favour by sending her communications earlier in the month. Our prose subjects are always arranged by the 12th ult.

N. Fraisinet has our thanks for his ingenious and interesting communications; he will have the goodness to excuse the liberties we are sometimes obliged to take, owing to the different idioms of the languages, which sometimes occasion trifling inaccuracies.

Mackenzie sc.

Miss Taylor.

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